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Third month, seventh day. (Sunday)

There was a dense fog this morning, and as we could not go out, I wrote several letters. As one of Mr. Wang's workmen intended to leave Oao-t'ing today, I gave him the letter to mail. Yüan-chiung's sickness was completely over by this time, and he had recovered his spirits. We roamed all day long in the neighboring Ch'i and Hsiao villages. In a number of places we saw Hsiao girls at work hulling rice, /140/ but, seeing the approach of strangers, they hid away immediately, so that we had no chance to take pictures of them.

In the afternoon a Chinese peddler came from Pao-t'ing with a load of black fish for sale. We bought two and a half catties for two hundred copper coins, and they made a rare dish in this deep mountain valley.

Third month, eighth day. (Monday)

This morning the fog was again dense till eight o'clock when the sun broke through. We walked leisurely to the lower Hsiao village on the other side. The village was occupied entirely by Hsiao, ten families in all, with three names, Li, Liu, and Huang. Headman /pao chang/ Li welcomed us warmly to his house, and we had a long, pleasant conversation together. When we were leaving, he sent his workmen to carry several catties of potatoes to be brought back with us. In return we gave him gifts of salt, kerosene, candles, etc.

In the afternoon we went to the upper Hsiao village to attend a Hsiao wedding. The bride was already thirty years old and had been married before to a Hsiao of Ta-pen village. When her husband died, she had brought her son and daughter back to live with her mother. Now she was to be married for the second time to a Hsiao of the same village. The bridegroom was of about the same age. At the ceremony the couple did not appear in any special apparel; they wore just plain clothes, a little cleaner than usual.